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My French Canadian Neighbours

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. . . Other Sketches . . .

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By Q. FAIRCHILD — 1916

MY FRENCH CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS

AND

OTHER SKETCHES

BY

Q. FAIRCHILD

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To

My Mother

I dedicate this little Volume of sketches

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MY
FRENCH CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS
AND
OTHER SKETCHES

My French Canadian Neighbours

AFTER living many years in the United States, the long looked forward to time arrived when we were to return to the old Province of Quebec to live among those of whom we had talked and thought with so much interest. Nor were we to feel strangers again, for by happy chance we secured a property in a parish where for a century one branch of the family had remained. Although within easy driving distance of Quebec, the world passed by above the little village in the valley, leaving it quiet and unspoiled by the admiration its picturesque and historical setting always received.

Our own home was built on the edge

of a cliff nearly two hundred feet high overlooking the village and far up the St. Lawrence River.

It was through the servants we gained our best knowledge of French Canadian character, their customs, joys, few sorrows, their fasts and feasts, for the entire round of the calendar is marked by the special services of their church. As the whole village was related (des parents) a never failing supply of " Cousins " or " Cousines " could be produced at a moment's notice, and their discharge taken with equal good humour.

Faithful old Placide ! He was ushered in one day by his " Cousine " Louise, and announced as a reason for our engaging him that as a young boy he had driven in the funeral procession of a *grand-grandmère* of the family's. Then he asked the rather cannibalistic question as to whether he was to " eat himself " or whether we were to " eat him."

Louise, who was hovering in the back ground as sponsor, said in French:

" Placide only means he will come for

twenty dollars if you give him his meals, or for twenty-five dollars if he has to go home for them."

So for many a year Placide " ate " us and what simple eaters the French Canadians proved to be. They seemed to have no desire for things one might think would be a treat to them, but preferred their own food: cup after cup of tea, bread, molasses, or maple syrup, pork, bean soup and pea soup, they never tired of.

Placide, Louise, and old Adèle the cook, now formed our permanent house staff, with the help or hindrance of many Maries, Elmires, Zoé's, too numerous and oft changing to remember. " *Garçons* " came and went of every degree of stupidity and of all ages, for they could be grand-fathers as " *bon garçons;* " and good fellows, as " *vieux garçons* " (old bachelors). Their christian names were wonderful to our unaccustomed ears and tongues. They were Tancredes, Midores, Achilles, Appollinaires, Petronelles, Zotiques, Hyppolites, Telesphores, Gideons,

and Polycarpes, but we called them all Joe for short and were within our rights, for are not all good Catholics given the silent name of Joseph at baptism, as every woman is given that of Marie. They were often exasperating to the last degree but never uninteresting, as the French Canadian is a born actor and mimic. The French spoken is that of the France of their ancestors, now considered a Canadian "patois," so in speaking with them we used the same broad sound of a. "*Bin* (*bien*) *Mon Dieu*" and a shrug of the shoulders expressed every emotion. Until we became used to their loud and excitable way of talking, we often imagined a fight was taking place, but such a John Bull manner of settling things rarely happens. A visit to an "*avocat*," and a lawyer's letter seems to be all that honour demands.

The sudden change from the common place American life, to that of this quaint old French Province, was like dropping back a hundred years, but before a month was over we were fairly started in our

Canadian life, and as we had returned prepared to see everything "*Couleur de rose*" we had to put on those spectacles when we saw the baker carry in the bread with his beard resting on the top loaf, when the butcher sent our meat wrapped in newspaper, and our laundry had to be given to Madame Placide, as it was the custom of Quebec to send the wash off to the country and village women.

Our first walk and visits in the village were full of little interests to us, and no doubt we received an equally close inspection by the village people. Dogs, or rather curs, of the most remarkable variety yapped at us, and were called off and scolded as "*tite* (petite), *Fifine*," "*'tit' Prince*," "*'Tit' Café*," "*'tit Puce*" (little flea), or "Bool, Bool," to some large specimen of hounds, considered no doubt quite fine bulldogs. Children were coaxed in by "*viens donc mon petit choux*," and we thought a "cabbage" a strange word of endearment, until we learned that it was "chou-chou" and of no particular meaning at all. The old men

greeted us with a "Salut M'sieu." "Salut Mam'selle," a military form no doubt handed down from their forefathers.

One short spur of road led up to the church and convent on the bank of the small stream and on it were also the most pretentious houses with their tightly closed front windows papered with green imitation blinds. All other houses were of the simplest, a story and a half, steep roof, dormer windows, and whitewashed walls of wood or stone, except the gable ends which were bright red. The "*Hôtel Temperance*" boasted two low stories and a half, and houses of such greatness always have a "*gallerie*" around the second story, from which on summer evenings much banter and laughter is carried on with passersby. Almost part of the wooden "*trottoir*" were the platforms before the other cottages, and after Madame's *menage* is done, she delights to sit out in a rocking chair to knit and gossip, or perhaps the tiny garden at the side of the cottage claims her time, for the women are excellent gardeners.

But the show place of the village was the house of the "*Notaire,*" for it was painted in various colours instead of whitewashed, and had a "*Mansard*" roof with two candlesnuffer towers or minarets draped with intricate woodwork frills, picked out in red and yellow paint. Many and many a time I was called upon to admire this beautiful "gotique" style, "*gotique*" seeming to cover all ornate architecture. In M. le Notaire's garden, the paths were bordered with stones, also painted every colour of the rainbow, so that the small pyramids at the end of each path looked like Easter eggs. The quaintest little garden in the world ! I became as interested in the blossoming of those stones by fresh paint as if they were the rarest of flowers. The beds looked like childrens' graves and at this early season were only planted with dabs of "*salade,*" radishes, and Oh ! joy of Canadian spring time, the "*échalote*" or little onion.

After signing some necessary papers before M. le Notaire, walking the narrow

paths of his garden, trying every rustic seat, and admiring the view from the "*gotique*" summer house, a knife was called for, and a much read copy of "Le Soleil" and, with what I felt was the greatest sacrifice, some of the treasured "*échalotes*" were prepared for me. "For if h'on the States Mademoiselle had never eaten *échalotes* with bread and butter, then indeed she had something left to live for." With the politest of speeches and bows we parted at the gate, I with the beloved "*échalotes*" held at arms length, my sole consolation being the knowledge that if I were leaving a trail behind me, it could only be one appreciated by all other noses.

A call on *M. le Curé* was next in order. The "*presbytère*" (house) was like most *presbytères*, in the shadow of the church, and we were charmed with the good "*Curé's*" neatly arranged quarters, his garden sloping down to the little river, and the "*bocage*" graced by a statue of the Virgin painted her own colours, blue and white. Here we sat and chatted of

the affairs of the village to which we were to become so attached. Then accompanied by M. le Curé we visited the church and the convent which was also the parish school. Such order there, simplicity to bareness, yet withal so bright that there was no hint of hardness. We were astonished at the nuns wonderful control of the boys, but later we found that the religious Orders in the Province minister to the crying needs of humanity from helpless foundlings to dying paupers. Seeing a poor-box tacked up at a door, I dropped in a Protestant contribution without demur from the smiling " *Mère Supérieure.* "

On our return home, the servants evidently gathered courage to ask us now that they were a separate household, if we could take a " *banc* " (pew) for them.

Louise as spokeswoman, said that " Space was very precious, but there was " *Monsieur le Seigneur's* " pew at the very front of the church, and as he lived in another of his " *Seigneuries* the ' *banc* ' was never used "—here Louise's face

grew eager as she pictured herself strutting up the aisle.

We answered that we would see what we could do about it when "*Monsieur le Curé*" called, and the domestic delegation retired with many "mercis." It was a trifle if it was to gain so much good will, and was easily arranged. Sunday was their happy day, and it was a treat to see no long faces, and hear only the gayest of chatter as they returned from Mass, while on the slightest encouragement everything would be described for me, "the beautiful fresh decorations of flowers made by the nuns" "a new votive lamp," some extra candles, and how *M. le Curé* had preached against this or that, and some one from Quebec had sung a solo, such a grand voice "fort *fort*," like a bull."

How often were my ears to be afflicted by that same "*fort, fort*" manner of singing. *Les Rameaux* (the Palms) lustily sung, got to be a *bête noire* of mine, but it was evidently the showpiece of the village singers, whereas when their own

dearly loved folksongs are sung, the air and words never fail to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of all other Canadians, whether French or English, and how few of us English in this Province who have not a dash of French blood.

Mass can be heard so very early that it leaves the whole day free to be enjoyed after duty to the Church has been done, and all innocent pleasures can be indulged in on Sundays as on Mondays; children play their games without being told it is wrong to do so, or to hush, and grown ups play cards with a happy conscience.

On the long warm Sunday afternoons we would ensconce ourselves within a cool arbour near the road where we could see without being seen, and many were the amusing scenes we witnessed between the "*Cavaliers*" and their "*Blondes*" (such pretty names after the "*beau*" and "best girl" of American life) for our property had been so long unoccupied that they forgot others nearness, and in fact felt decidedly injured on several occasions when a picnic tea had been

planned for our lawn to find us as the intruders. Such happy family parties went by, the old workday waggon turned into a bower by maple branches, hard planks for seats, so that all the children could be packed in as well as various "*Cousines*" and "*tantes,*" for *Jean-Baptiste* is essentially a family man, and is just as happy taking an outing and giving the women and children a pleasant time, as he would be off on a jaunt with his friends.

The jolly parties off for a Sunday's fishing at a nearby "*Lac Claire*" did one's heart good to see: such healthy and innocent pleasure, such snatches of song, a choice story, greeted with roars of laughter, to say nothing of a flash of sunlight on metal or glass, as the fisherman on the back seat of the old rig was given a "treat", and the horses were stopped so that pipes could be well lighted again. A forest of bamboo rods stuck out from the back and the most ancient clothes were worn, ending in well oiled "beefs" or "*bottes sauvages*" smell-

ing to high heaven, but no luck could come to fishermen without them.

Wedding drives were another feature of the passing show on weekdays, for a drive by the bride and groom in a carriage and pair, was a grandeur they might only hope to have once again–to their own funerals. Sometimes a long "*cortège*" followed, commencing with the next swellest "*voiture*" right down to a sagging buckboard and springless market cart. Many a time we saw them when the glory had become oppressive, and both bridegroom and coachman had dispensed with hats and coats, and were smoking cigars.

We drove about to the other parishes within easy distance, as we wanted to know "*Jean Baptiste* the *habitant*" at home on his farm as well as the village people, who, as such, pride themselves on their much greater knowledge of the world. It was amusing to hear them refer to anything they thought not up to their standard, as "*habitant*," while the "*habitant*" equally despises them

for being mere workpeople "*journaliers*," whereas he, in the majority of cases, lives on a farm owned by his family for several generations, and if some of his methods are those of his grandfather's, who shall say they are not just as comfortable ways as those of his more rushing neighbors across the line, " h'on the States."

A long low *habitant* house under a huge elm or surrounded by evergreen trees, is to me the picture of homely comfort, and if the *bonne femme* is worthy of her name, within the house there will be found a good stock of everything her busy fingers can knit, make or spin, for the economy of French-Canadian women is proverbial. The *catalogne* that each household made for its own use, has now become an industry, as well as the making of étoffe du pays in every shade for artistic portieres or couch covers.

All lands we found were paying their ground rent to the *Seigneurs* as of old feudal days, but otherwise the *Seigneurs* have been shorn of many of their picturesque rights, although in early Cana-

OLD FRENCH HOUSE—CAP ROUGE

dian days they were much needed men and gave protection, help and advice to those in their care.

The wayside crosses we passed on the road were often biblical history lessons, for some had miniature wooden replicas of everything connected with the Crucifixion, nails, hammer, ladder, spear, sponge, vinegar crest, and the cock that crew three times at St. Peter's Denial—arranged on their outstretched arms. The *Calvaires* were painful to us for the Quebec wood Sculptors do very good work and the crucified figure hanging on the cross in all its agony, painted in flesh colours, with drops of blood—was too realistic to ever grow accustomed to. In some churchyards not only hang the figure of the Christ, but on their crosses the two Thieves.

In June comes the fête of Canada's patron Saint " *St. Jean-Baptiste* " and of the *Fête Dieu* procession.

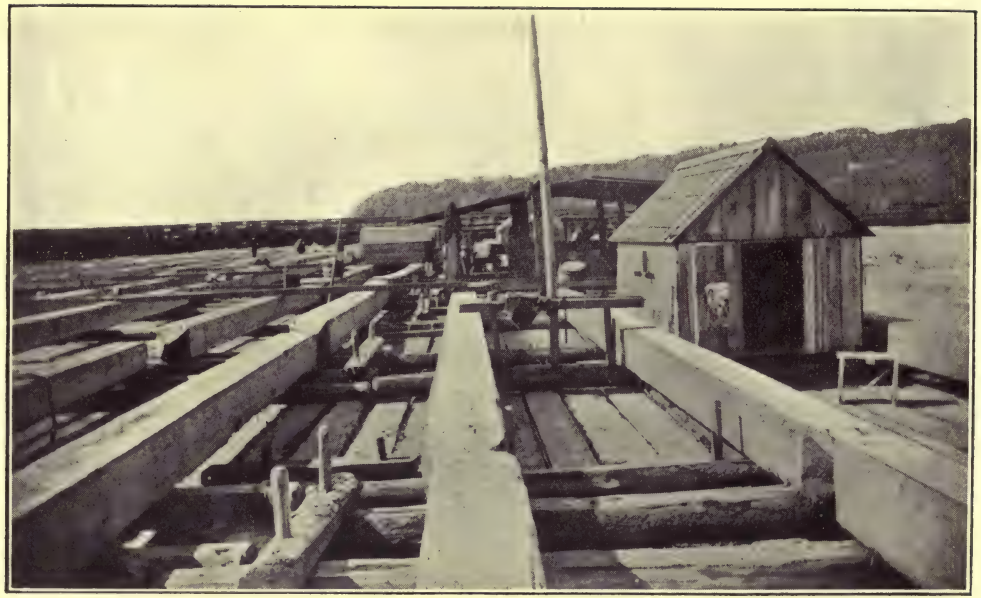
" Mamselle would surely come to look on at the procession ? " asked Placide.

" Certainly I will," I answered.

" Petrus Marteau was making such fine arches and a " *reposoir* " (station) all covered with " *sapin* " (balsam) said Placide.

Sapin! The scent of it seems the breath of Canada, as the Maple Leaf is her emblem, and certainly the " *sapin* " is equally associated with every event, for its dark green branches cover the street arches erected for welcoming some distinguished person, the *fêtes* of the Roman Catholic church, for Winter Carnivals, and still closer to all lovers of Canadian life, the fragrance of the " *sapin* " bough for camp-beds, and its bright flame in a camp fire. Then again it is the *sapin* of this far North land, that is blessed on Palm Sunday in the country parishes, everyone taking a small branch into the Church, afterwards keeping it in the house until the withered spring is replaced the following year.

Such a flutter as there was among the nuns' little flock on Fête Dieu Sunday, for the Convent children always form the prettiest part of any procession, looking



LARGE RAFT SQUARE PINE—CAP ROUGE COVE

like tiny brides in their First Communion dresses and veils. We took up a position of advantage on the hillside and watched the start, from the church, and the slow winding of the entire congregation up the long hill, the chanting rising and falling, with wreathes of incense curling around the canopy held over the priest, until they reached the "*reposoir*" prepared beside the statue of the village patron saint, *St. Felix.*

It was a most simple but solemn procession before no onlookers but ourselves. There was no playing to the gallery, ~~and~~ nor applause needed for the performance of a deeply revered service.

"*Un cage,*" 'a raft, a raft,' announced Placide one morning in great excitement, pointing to a low boat with a long flat object behind it just appearing around the big point of "*St. Augustin.*" We had heard so much of the good old days of the timber trade, and it was so rarely that such a big raft came nowadays that it was a great piece of good fortune for us to see one, and we were all impatient

at the slow creeping of the old paddle wheel boat. As we could see best from our own high ground we decided to wait until the raft was put into the " Cove " before going down.

When the hubbub had somewhat subsided we went to the village and got a culler (an expert in measuring and valuing timber) to take us under his wing to show us over the raft, a matter of climbing we had not expected, but the great pine logs had to be crossed and lashed together in a wonderful way to stand the long and rough journey, when coming down the rapids. In the middle of the raft a space had been floored and roofed, and in this open air room the men ate or amused themselves when not on watch. Raft life was that of a little world, there were generally some famous fidlers among the men, and at night music, song, or clog dances whiled away the time. Grouped around this " *Camboose* " were what looked like large dog kennels, but were in reality the men's sleeping huts. The cook was a most important per-

MEN'S SLEEPING HUTS ON RAFT—CAP ROUGE

sonage, who ordered his "cookee" to present us with a round loaf of excellent raft bread, nearly as big as a cart wheel.

Great was the festivety in the village, and money flowed freely, for the raftsman is a swaggering fellow of a picturesque type, and after his isolation on the raft, is a bit inclined to break out. Our own village supplied a good many "*shanty men*" as men are called who work all winter in the "bush" getting out the lumber. They return in the Spring looking like Indians, but a glorious transformation soon takes place, and the hard earned money is invested in cheap ready made clothes, red neckties, shining jewellery, lemon coloured boots, some rank cigars, and a little something in a hip pocket flask to treat their friends on a round of Sunday visits after Mass.

Several nights after the raft's arrival, I heard singing in the distance, and went to the dark bedroom window at the back of the house, from which I could just get a glimpse of the St. Louis Road lying white in the moonlight. A rollicking

"gang" of raftsmen was evidently returning from a "*Veillée.*"

"Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
"En roulant, ma boule roulant,
"En roulant, ma boule."

they sang, a chorus well loved by all who paddle a canoe. Then a soloist started up "*A la Claire Fontaine,*" but a stronger voice drowned the attempt with my favorite of songs.

"*Allouette*" he sang
"*Allouette*" answered a second voice, and then a long Oh—h:

"*Allouette*, gentil *Allouelle*"
"*Allouette*, je te plumerai,"

and on they came enumerating all portions of "*Allouettes*" anatomy, until they had exhausted the verses, but anything to keep on the rousing chorus, so the soloist commenced still further dissection of poor "*Allouette,*" and even after I could no longer hear him (which was perhaps just as well,) I could hear the burst of

laughter at some fresh sally, and then back would come to roar,

" *Allouette*, gentil *Allouette*"
" *Allouette*, je te plumerai."

Going along the road one day, I saw a young girl ahead of me, suddenly drop to her knees, I started to run to her aid, when I heard the sound of a bell, and round the bend of the road driven very rapidly, came to the Curé's carriage. I had just time to draw aside. Elzéar, the Curé's factotum, was both driving and ringing a hand bell, and with a side glance at my heretical self, he rang more emphatically, but the priest carrying the Host to the dying, looked neither to right or to the left.

A solemn hush seemed to fall over the road they had passed. I fancied I could hear that bell ringing through three centuries of Canadian life, and with a shiver I pictured what that lonesome sound must have meant to those who heard it pass at night, filling the living with a

nameless dread, but bringing comfort to the ears of the dying.

I was glad on reaching home to find our cheery doctor there, and telling him of the Curé's mission started an interesting talk on the French Canadian's attitude toward death and disease, their seeming little dread of one or the other. The priest is generally sent for before the doctor, sometimes making it then too late for the doctor to save the patient. " We must die of something " or else with a shrug they say. " If he is going to die, he is going to die, " and with what to English people would be the most harmful results, the patients' symptoms are discussed before them. To tell the convalesent you find that he or she is "*changé, changé,*" seems to afford a strange gratification instead of being alarming.

Knowing our study of local life the Doctor would often drop in with his latest amusing story. The wit of a man named Doré astonished us.

After his broken arm had been put in plaster, the Doctor gave him an encour-

aging tap, saying in French, " There now, you are like a statue ".

" Yes," he answered, " a statue Doré," (a gilded statue).

Each day seemed to bring some quaint custom or trait to our notice.

I asked the reason why a very pretty village child always wore blue stockings as well as a blue dress, and was told the little girl had been dedicated until twenty-one years old, as a thankoffering to the Blessed Virgin, and therefore could only wear the Virgin's colours, blue and white.

If I was ever looking for some lost article, Louise would tell me I should pray " *St. Antoine* " for he was the Saint who helped people.

" You pray to " *St. Antoine* " for me, Louise," I would answer, and when later the treasure turned up safely, Louise's eyes would shine as she said: " Didn't I tell Mamselle it would be alright ? "

" *La Créature* " sent you a message, " Placide commenced one day.

" What creature, Placide ? I demanded.

" Why *la créature, la bonne femme,* my

wife," answered mild old Placide, in great surprise.

Well, I will receive a message from "*la bonne femme,*" there can be no better title."

It was waste of breath to tell Placide or any Franch Canadian of his class, that to call a woman a "*créature*" was not putting her on a very high pedestal, but as they by no means undervalue their womenfolk, it seems to be merely a figure of speech.

We had cause very soon to protest against the damaging method of dying laundry, but Placide's "*créature*" only answered that the bon Dieu had specially made the hawthorne bushes for poor washerwomen, and the thorns only made such tiny holes that she couldn't see why we were so *difficile.* My sarcastic question as to whether barbed wire fencing was also part of the Creation, was utterly wasted.

The greatest excitement prevailed in the village over the preparation for the annual pilgrimage to "*La Bonne Ste.*

Anne" at Beaupré, almost on the beach of the St. Lawrence below Quebec. The small market boat was to be chartered between its regular market day trips, when it was laden with produce, squealing pigs, cackling hens, accompanied by their owners, talking quite as noisely, the women, knitting as fast as their tongues went, quaint figures in their wide skirts of "*étoffe du pays*," homespun linen aprons and hand plaited straw hats with comical peaked crowns known as "*Bonne Ste Anne*" hats.

Nothing but the dread of an overcrowded boat kept us from joining the pilgrims on the day appointed to this Canadian Loudres. Everyone went who could possibly manage to, the Curé at the head of his flock, and all thoughts were set on the blessings to be gained. If faith could buoy up the little "*St. Croix*" it was well ballasted, and led by the voice of the priest a solemn "*Cantique*" was raised as the boat drew out into the stream. As there were no sick nor crippled on board we hoped that all prayers would be answered.

Such tired but happy servants returned to us that night, and I was presented with a statuette of "*La Bonne Ste Anne,*" while many blessed beads and holy pictures guarded their bedstead. The next day I discovered a small medal tacked up over our kitchen door, and one over the stable door by Placide.

Autumn came suddenly upon us, and the first frosts turned the maple trees into huge bouquets and the mountains looked as if they were aflame. Even after the leaves fell the country never had a bleak look owing to the heavy dark spruces and balsams. We gathered mountain ash berries and also the "*pin-bina*" berries which we kept for decorating at Christmas much to Adèle's disgust at such shocking waste of good jelly material. "*Les glands*" (acorns) we gladly gave to the many children who came with bags to fill, for after the sweet little chestnuts of the States, the acorns seemed such bitter things, but the French Canadians evidently enjoyed them with bread and butter.

We were all eagerness for the first snow to soften the hard frozen roads, when we should really be warmer in the low red *carriole* with its fur robes, and our wish was granted by the good Ste. Catherine with a traditional storm known as " la bordée de la Ste Catherine." To make " latire." (pulled molasses candy) is another custom in honour of the day, and on our afternoon walk through the village street such a good smell came from many opened doors as bright faced children dashed out to test the right stage of boiling by dropping the molasses on the snow.

With the coming of the cold weather, Winter supplies could be kept, and to kill the fatted pig, was quite the social event of a household.

Adèle came one day to ask to change her afternoon out as " Urbain Bernier was having a " *boucherie* " to-day " she announced, fairly smacking her lips at the thought.

"A butchery, Adèle ! I exclaimed, surely you do not want to see such a thing."

Why its only a "*cochon,*" Mamselle and I know all about him, so Urbain asked me to help make the good "*plarines*", the "*boudins,*" and fix the "*bajou,*" the "*pattes,*" and "*tête en fromage.*"

Adèle, coming from Gaspé, used very nautical expressions, "rigging" herself and going for a "cruise" to the village and when her larder was well stocked we were "*bin-grée-yée*" as if a ship victualled for a long voyage.

The little village cottages were now nestling in snow, and so snug if one had no special theories about hygiene, for fresh air was certainly conspicious by the entire lack of it, with the men and boys smoking *tabac canadien*, often of their own growing and curing.

The brilliance of the atmosphere, and cheerfulness of the people about us were the two things we enjoyed most of the winter life. Bells and bright red paint on sleighs gave all the gaiety they could to the white scenery, as did a dash of colour on all winter clothing. The men had bright coloured sashes wound round

and round their fur coats, and stockings of all colours showed above their moccasins and "*bottes sauvages.*" Children were bundles of gay wool, blanket coats, red "*tuques,*" red mittens, red overstockings.

The approach of Christmas was heralded not by talk of presents as with us, but by preparations for the great feast of the Church, Mid-night Mass. So it is in the Church not the homes that Christmas is kept and when we are too tired with the making and giving of gifts to think of the origin of the day, their thoughts are entirely set on the great Miracle.

We had promised we would go down to the church to see the decorations and there we found the devoted nuns putting the finishing touches to flowers and lights, and were taken to a side altar where the "*Crêche*" was arranged, in which lay a beautiful waxen "*Infant Jésu,*" surely a symbol anyone of any creed could admire. Coming out again into the crisp clear night we felt keyed up to a high

pitch, as if in reality waiting for one of the brilliant stars to lead us to the Holy Manger instead of merely hearing the Church's oft repeated story, whose bells were commencing to call from parish to parish as we entered our home.

If Christmas Eve was near to heaven, the "*Jour de l'An*" was of the earth, earthy, for on it gifts are exchanged and "*visites de cérémonie*" paid, with many drinkings of healths. "*Ahh*". *Ca gratte la gorge*," remarks the gratified guest as he tosses off a "*Coup*" (a nip) of fiery "*Whisky blanc*" (high wines).

The waters of the St. Lawrence were now frozen over forming an ice "bridge" and a splendid road was kept on it well marked with "*balises*," and there the sporting element liked to race their horses, for to possess "*un troteur*" hitched to "*un cutteur*," whose high runners are totally unsuited to Canadian roads, was to cause admiration largely admitted with envy. To "show off" I greatly fear is "*Jean Baptiste's*" chief love of a horse. Getting off the

beaten winter road in passing others is a serious thing, and much waiting has to be done at " turn out " places arranged for such meetings.

" *Cheval à griffes*" is the name given to dogs harnessed to sleds, a jolly means for boys to tear about, provided the poor dog gets no whippings, but the laziest way for a grown man to save himself at the expense of a straining hound. It is wonderful how much the poor brutes do manage to pull, and they are much used for going to the " bush " in winter with the " pack " where it would be impossible to take a horse.

To our astonishment a mushroom village sprang up on the "*batture*" (inshore) ice, shelters for men fishing through holes for the "tommy cod," a coarse but sweet enough little fish, much appreciated by the villagers as a change in their monotonous winter fare and for fish days in Lent now upon us, after the usual " *Mardi-Gras* " mummery by the children for whom we had been warned to have a good supply of pennies and sweets.

We had heard so much of the severity of Lenten fasting that we felt we must expect a good deal of hungry bad humour on the servants part and unfitness generally for the household tasks, but they accepted it with their usual cheerfulness, for " to make a good Lent " is " to make a good Easter, " and not to do so is to go unshriven indeed. A depressing silence fell upon city and country on Holy Thursday for the bells had " gone to Rome " to be blessed. How delighted I was when the gloomy days were over to hear the bright clashing and clanging of bells on Easter morning on their " return from Rome, " blessed for another year to ring out their daily salutation of the " *Angelus.* "

The breaking up of the snowroads came early and there was nothing to do but drive as little as possible and that only early in the morning or after sundown when the roads hardened up a little. The crust formed on the snow by the rapid change of temperature made an early morning walk delightful for we

could go anywhere at will, but woe to anyone who lingered too long until the sun had got in his work, when a decidedly sinking sensation would occur in both body and spirits.

As the running of the maple tree sap also depends on the ups and downs of the thermometer, "Sugaring off" parties always have the worst of the roads to add to the fun and uncertainty of arriving safe and dry. Honoré Garneau having sent us word that now was the time for us to visit his Camp, we got Placide to borrow two of the safest old "*berlines*" that ever held a washbag for they are the least upsetable of sleighs, looking for all the world like short canal boats on runners. Into these early on a glorious morning we piled cushions and robes, luncheon baskets, pans, kettles and jars, which when the meal was eaten would do to fill with sugar and syrup for the return trip. The only seats of the "*berlines*" were at the back, so they were given to the seniors of the party, while the younger

members disposed of themselves as they fancied, some on cushions, some sitting on the edge of the boatlike sides, and all well prepared in dress and footwear for a possible spill into a wayside lake of icy snow water. Off we went with many "*March donces*" to the horses, and nothing more delighted old Placide, who was driving our "berline," than to whip up just as he saw some deep "*cahots*' (hollows) ahead and in and out, in and out, the old "*berline*" dipped like a boat in a choppy sea.

Arriving in good time we were received by Honoré with as polite speeches and little *cérémonies* as if being welcomed to a castle instead of a Canadian sugar camp. Some of the enthusiasts wanting to get some fresh sap to drink, Honoré's grandson drove them about on an open wood sleigh and they jumped off at every tree with its spout and hanging can; returning to camp they then sampled every stage of the syrup to finished sugar blocks, while the rest of us reserved that treat as dessert after luncheon.

We spread out the good things prepared by Adèle at home, and her jar of pancake batter was soon turning into big "*Crepes*' (flapjacks), scraped maple sugar being rolled into some while others were deluged with "*sirop*" or "*smear oh!*" as we called it with gummy lips. The youngsters also broke eggs into the boiling syrup in the evaporators and then fished them out delicately poached. Whether the drive had sharpened our appetites, or perhaps the novelty of our quaint rough surroundings that made us enjoy our picnic meal, for certainly we had never before found everything so good, and tea made with the sweet sap water, seemed a brew fit for the gods. Needing a knife, one of Honoré's men picked up one entrusted with sugar, and without more ado, popped it into his mouth, cleanched two rows of strong teeth on it, and slowly drew the knife out—quite clean! I had watched him with horror and alarm which rapidly changed to joy, as using the knife to scrape a block of sugar he offered some to one of the

most delicate and fussy of women, and she, blissfully ignorant, accepted with her prettiest "*Merci.*" Dozens of small moulds of sugar were then placed on the table for our choice, tiny cottages to be eaten from chimney to cellar, diamonds, clubs, spades, but hearts of all size were the favorites, while little birch bark baskets held "*stick jaw*" (a thick boiling between syrup and sugar stage) which kept everyone silent for sometime. Having packed up all we could carry, and ordered our year's supply, we started for home making the woods ring with many "*Boujours*" and "*Mercis*" to old Honoré standing in the door of his *cabane*, a type of the best *habitant*, self respecting and courteous, and well educated in his youth at the old "*Seminaire*" of Quebec, that wonderful institution for rich and poor boys alike. We promised to visit him in his comfortable home during the summer, as he felt that to receive us only in his camp was not fitting hospitality.

The interest of the day was not over

yet as Adèle was to give our guests and ourselves a "*habitant*" supper, composed of all the material she could get together at a short notice. We found "*liqueur*" glasses arranged on a tray for our arrival and we were all given a taste of Adèle's famous choke cherry cordial as a "*coup d'appetit*," and M. le Curé having arrived, a large and merry party sat down to a "*habitant*" table. The better to see our enjoyment Adèle kept coming in with warm but beaming face to explain the nature of the dishes.

Steaming plates of pea soup were placed before us, then came the much discussed "*boudin*" refused with a shudder by a young American but voted delicious by all the rest, as were the plarines; a piping hot dish of pork and beans, that steady diet of men in the bush all winter, occupied the other end of the table.

"Voici l'hiver arrivé.
Les rivières sont gelées:
C'est le temps d'aller au bois
Manger du lard et des pois,

Dans les chantiers nous hivernons,"
Dans les chantiers nous hivernons.

quoted the good Curé as he helped himself from the dish.

Again the table groaned under a big fresh leg of pork (an uncured jambon) and *perdrix aux choux*, although why the poor partridge, as well as a hare, should be "*etouffé*" (smothered) in cabbage I never can understand. "*Tourtrière*" (a pork pie) was pronounced very tasty. The inevitable "*grillades*" (little bits of fried pork fat) of course accompanied everything, and instead of butter we had "*grêce du rôti*" for our bread. Strong tea helped support us through the ordeal, and if a merciful end had not come to Adèle's supply of meat, we should certainly have been *étouffé* like the game. We were spared "*Crépes*" again, and instead had fresh scraped sugar on "*bouilli*", a sort of *blanc mange* but not in a mould. A pyramid of "*croquinoles*" (crullers) and a plate of buttered "*galette*" (spiced bread) were placed on the table, with a black looking tart composed of molasses,

flour, and raisin filling, much liked by French Canadians.

The young people swept off the "*latire* and *sucre à la crème*" for the card tables in the library and the head of the house calling old Adèle, said: "Well, Adèle, we are all agreed that if "habitants" have all the good things you have given us, then we would certainly like to become "*Gros*" (well-to-do) habitants.

The next excitment was watching the ice bridge commence breaking up and go grinding its way down the channel between the "*bordage*" ice over which it piled up to an incredible height; away sailed patches of ice with stretches of winter roads and its "*balises*," or a group of fishing "*cabanes*," and unless the floe broke up, back they would pass at flood tide until finally the river cleared itself, and its deep waters became a thing of moods once more.

"Mamselle! Mamselle"! called out old Placide one day soon after the ice had gone," "the spring she's come, the crow sh's sing." And with the return

of the birds I realized one happy interesting year had passed since our own return to live among our French Canadian neighbours in the old Province of Quebec.

Monsieur le Curé

A warm summer evening was drawing to a close as we started out for a stroll and visit to *Monsieur le Curé*, whose church and *presbytère* were side by side on the sloping banks of a little river affected by the ebb and flow of the tides of the great St. Lawrence. How peaceful everything was—not a ripple disturbed the water but those made by some cattle drinking in the rosy reflections from the sky, while the sounds that reached us from the village cottages, were those betokening the ending of the day's work before the short Canadian twilight fell.

The *presbytère* was very little different from the other cottages (for we were but a small parish), except in its spotlessly

kept look and its large grounds. In response to our knock, *Mam'selle Morin*, the old housekeeper, came to the door with many exclamations of welcome, bidding us enter while she went for the *Curé*. We volunteered to *chercher* the good father for ourselves, and found him pipe in mouth, inspecting his vegetables, his *soutane* (cassock) carefully tucked up out of danger of being soiled, for *soutanes* could not be ordered every year, *bien non*! After joining him in the fascinating contemplation of growing things, and their promise of plenty for the winter's fare, we duly admired and tested the delightful swaying of the new *balance* (swinging platform with *vis-à-vis* seats) beloved of French Canadians, both for pleasant idling, and as an ornament for their grounds.

Sprightly little *Mam'selle* was waiting to usher us into the house, and as we were now no longer strangers, we escaped the glories of the *parloir* with its stiff chairs, magnificent bouquets of artificial flowers, and religious pictures, radiant in

gilt frames, of saints in ecstasies, whilst what appeared to be searchlights from purple heavens were thrown on them. But they were delightfully cheerful compared with a death's head representation of the Christ, with eyes so portrayed, that after a few moments steady staring at them, they seemed to open. From that to have one's attention held by a waxen "*Infant Jésu*," in a little glass coffin, left one cold and clammy, despite the summer's heat without.

But there was nothing depressing about the busy little household, and its life. Across the hall, the *Curé's* study was bright and comfortable, with shining oilcloth on the floor that would not have been exchanged for all the rugs of Persia, for it was "*si propre*" (clean). Plants in the curtained windows, and many touches of home making hands, proved that for all the good old priest's vow of celibacy, he was totally at the mercy of woman. How glad we had been when a cross old cousin of the *Curé's* had taken her departure, for she was evidently very

prejudiced against us, and rejoiced when she could inform us, through a crack of the door, that *Monsieur le Curé* was not at home. On the rare occasions when we did get in, I feel sure the rooms were sprinkled with holy water the moment we were gone.

"*Mam'selle*", as she is called, was quite looked up to by the villagers, for was she not highly placed in keeping house for the Curé, next the throne in fact, as thrones go in village society, and anything repeated by *Mam'selle* was gospel, for while it would never have done for her to run about gossiping, and she was far too busy a little body to waste time so, yet she dearly loved to have the news brought to her, and as we were "without the pale," we were safe to "*jaser*" a little more freely than parishioners. Not that *Mam'selle* took any visits to herself, no indeed, she knew too well the honours due the Curé, but she kept within earshot as she worked, and was ready at a moment's notice to furnish a name, or any information needed.

M'sieur le Curé sat back in his chair smoking, at peace with himself and the world. The day's duties were over, and there was nothing in particular taking place in the parish until Monsignor's visit next week. It was true *M. le Curé* had been very much annoyed at the return of that bold Jules Leblanc from the New England States, with his Yankee talk and affectation of contempt for the observances of the Church of his fathers, but fortunately, he had done no harm by his bad example, and the *bon Dieu* would see that Jules was brought to his knees before long. The *Curé* pursed up his lips for a moment after our discussion of Jules, but then leaving him and his punishment to a higher Court, launched out into some quaint stories of clerical life.

" The General Elections were coming on this Autumn," the *Curé* began, and it was very hard not to take an active part, but no doubt *Monsieur* and *Madame* knew that several years ago a *Mandement* had been issued from the Cardinal's

Palace at Quebec, forbidding priests to use their powers of influencing the electors. " Of course no one would dream of disobeying," the *Curé* hastily assured us, " but sometimes they were the best judges of the candidates' qualifications, if only from a spiritual point of view. Had we heard how two *Curés* had kept within the letter, if not the law of the *Mandement*? *Non*? "

" *Bien*! There was once a very keen contest, and the *Curé* of the parish being an ardent *Blue* (Conservative) the Sunday before the polling he mounted his pulpit and raising his hand on high, said: " My people, you know I can say nothing about the Elections, but remember, remember, Heaven is blue and Hell is red! (Liberals are known as " les Rouges ").

" And did the Blue win? " we asked laughingly.

" Why, he did for sure," answered the *Curé*, in his amusing English. Then lapsing into French, he told us of another election speech, or pun, that won the day, for the candidate's name was " *Le-*

mieux," therefore the Curé ordered them however they voted, to vote "*pour le mieux*" (for the best). Our little Curé chuckled at his confrère's wit.

"What will you do for your party this Autumn?" we ventured.

"Ah! Madame, you know we take no sides," and *M. le Curé's* brown eyes twinkled through a veil of tobacco smoke. We begged for more stories, while the *raconteur* was in such mood.

"You know," he commenced, "our parishioners are not always as obedient to our orders for their own good, as they should be, and a *bâteau*-man once gave my friend the *Curé* of the next parish, some trouble, so when he brought his baby to be baptised, the *Curé* chose the name of "Marin," and it was not until the christening party got home, that they realized that forever and a day, the boy was branded as Mosquito, (Marin Gouin) for the family name was Gouin. It was a good reminder for the father of his disobedience to the Church's wise rulings."

Here the Curé's sermonizing was cut

short by the arrival of *M'sieu le Notaire*, *M'sieu le Maire*, and *M'sieu le Docteur*, come to play cards, as was the weekly habit of those village dignitaries whenever they could all three meet. We made our *adieux*, and slipped away, although we had sometimes remained to see a few games played. Their counters were hard round peppermints, that from constant handling, were a most delicate shade of grey. *Mon Dieu*! how I longed to take them home and scrub them, for occasionally in absent mindedness, a player ate one.

Coming from the States, it had at first seemed very odd to us to think of a priest being allowed to enjoy all pleasures innocent in themselves, at which puritanical Protestants hold up their hands in holy horror. Beyond the adherence to the great dogmas of the Church, and the proper performances of her services, a Canadian parish priest has as much personal liberty, and leads as normal a life as any of his parishioners, and there is none of the pecking to pieces of every act

and speech that Protestants indulge in. The Parish Church in the Province of Quebec implies that it is Roman Catholic and at the Church door, no matter what the denomination of the Mayor, must be read all municipal notices. The Civil laws of Quebec are still those of old France, and therefore are largely admixed with ecclesiastical, but the Criminal laws are those of Great Britain the Conqueror. *M'sieu le Curé* is truly a father to his people, and nothing is too trivial to consult him about, so that every household is an open book, but not to his own gain or *agrandissement* is the power he wields, that comes from the Church, and is rendered unto her. In isolated parishes, the priests have often to be doctor as well, and do the best they can for the sick. Large parishes again, call for not only a *Curé*, but one or more *vicaires* (curates). We had cast our lot in with the people of an ancient though small parish, and liked it better so, for we could study at close quarters the simple customs of our French Canadian neighbors.

Even in the courting of the young people, *M. le Curé* had much to say, for *Jean* is not allowed to keep *Marie* waiting too long for the wedding day, nor must the young girls have too much liberty. A walk through the village streets at night was often taken, to satisfy himself that all was well with his flock. Sometimes the subject of dress came under the ban, for one day a little maid told me with rueful countenance, that she could not wear a waist I had given her, for it was *à jour*, (open work) and the Curé had preached against such. Quite an authority on the care of babies was the *Curé*, as the strange ways of an English family in the care of their child being discussed, the *Curé* said he had never been treated like that every day, and considered it weakening. Thereupon there was a sage nodding of heads, for if *M'sieu le Curé* had not been brought up that way, what need for anyone else !

The greatest sacrifices will be made by parents to educate their sons for the priesthood, and daughters for the Con-

vents, perhaps in so doing leaving themselves alone in their old age, but the pride and the elevation of the family more than compensates them. It is a regrettable fact that in these money-making days, few sons of the higher placed families enter the Church as they did a century ago. The parents of our village priest were in very modest circumstances, and very old, for the son of their marriage fifty years ago, asked them the question at their Golden Wedding Mass, as to wheer they would continue to live together the rest of their short journey in this world. It was delightful to watch the old couple with the son they so looked up to, and "*mon fils, M'sieu le Curé*" was forever being alluded to.

Friends who came out from Quebec to visit the *Curé*, were a source of much entertainment to us. Such a treat as it evidently was to them to have a day in the country, and what an honor to be a guest at a *presbytère*! The arrival and unpacking of the *voiture* was the occasion of many "*Mon Dieus*," "Cré-yées,"

"*Dites doncs*," "*Ecoutez doncs*," which nobody did as they were all too busy talking to listen to one another. We envied them their simple happy natures, and the ready laugh at the feeblest of jokes. If the guests went in for "*le sport*", to fish was their delight. How quietly I kept behind some bushes on the river bank, as I took a snapshot of the *Curé* and his friends, for one of them was wearing a grand pair of waders right up to his thighs, although there were no rapids, and nothing to play more game than a *carp* (sucker). No doubt the poor little *commis* (clerk), drudging out his days in some dingy office, had spent his savings for those wonderful boots, and now at high noon, in the blazing sun, was perfectly happy, quite unconscious of the ridiculous figure he cut, as wearing an old garden hat of *Mam'selle's*, he sat in a boat of fantastic design with sides like a scalped pie crust, that we called the *Curé's* gondola.

The travels of *M. le Curé* were quite extensive, for he sometimes drove to see

other priests fully five parishes away, and would then come home delighted with his adventures *en voyage*, and the broadening effect of seeing the world! Once too he had been to Montreal, but it was so long ago, that it had become quite an historical trip. A yearly pilgrimage to *la Bonne Ste. Anne* was the only other foreign tour the priest and his parishioners could afford.

For grand *fêtes*, Mission Fathers came to preach, *Pères Blancs d'Afrique*, or one of the many orders who have found sanctuary in the British Empire, but to us they seemed too detached, they lacked the more human side of the secular priests. They were simple *habitant* folk in "our parish," and their happiness could not have been bought with gold. The life of the parish was centred in the church, for it not only offered them every consolation for this life, as well as assurances for the next, but its services were such a source of interest, the equivalent to our enjoyment of art, music and literature. We were anxious to meet the

Monsignor who was coming on his pastoral rounds, for we were told that while living the simplest life himself, yet from the training necessary for his high position, and the Church's vast interests, we would find him the most charming and polished man of the world.

Often when at dusk, we were returning from our evening outing, we would hear the patter, patter of *M'sieu le Curé's* slippers, as he walked up and down the wooden platform before the church, but we did not disturb him, for who knows ?— he might have been communing with Angels.

From Quebec's Ramparts

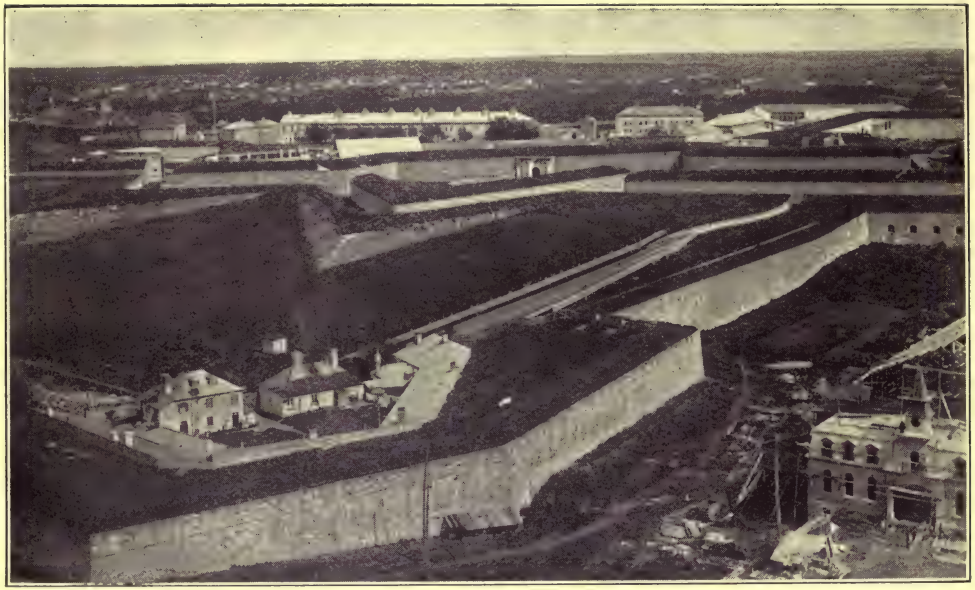
IT had been a grey day overhead, the first snowfall muffling the old city, while from the still open waters of the St. Lawrence a mist arose hiding the base of the great rock of Quebec, so that the spires and turrets of buildings were like those of a dream city, without foundation between earth and clouds. Higher above all loomed the Citadel, so strangely unlike anything on this continent that it might be some Belgium fortress on the Meuse, Huy, Namur, of tragic fate.

Quiet as Quebec's Ramparts were today as I walked around their snow-covered footway, they too have known in 1759, the thundering of siege guns, and the clash of arms. The city within the walls has shared the terrors of bombardment, balls falling on church and convent·

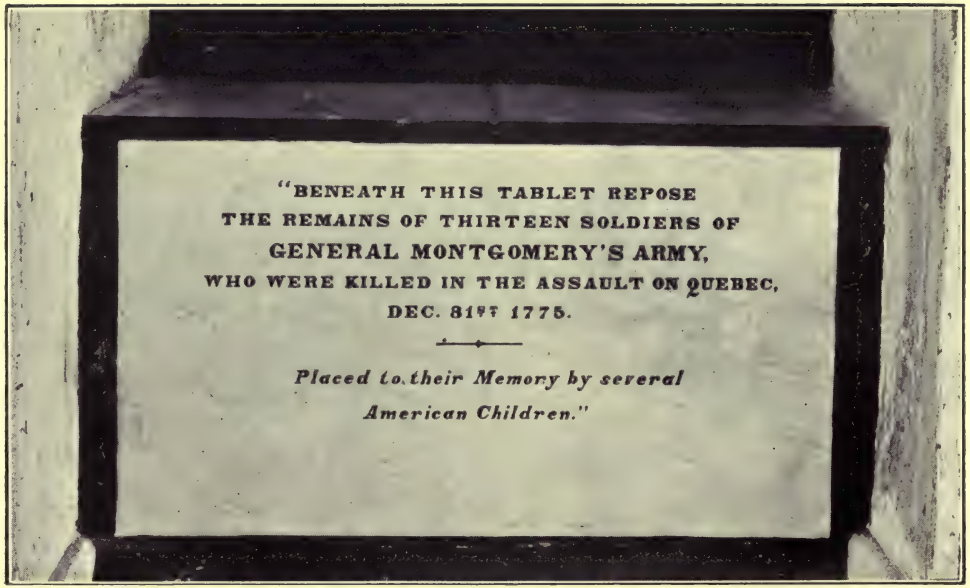
but good ladies of the Ursulines you had nothing more to fear from your courteous English conquerors, although yours the sadness of receiving the body for burial of your gallant general, Montcalm.

A bugle call rang out as I stood for a moment over St. Louis Gate; it might have been the echo of three centuries of calls—for sorties, for retreats, of fanfare when the lilies of France were hauled down and the Cross of St. George run up; echo of the bugles that called soldiers from India, called them to leave the garrison again for the greater rock of Gibraltar, with answering call from troopships, old men-o'-war and modern cruiser riding at anchor in the stream. Calling, calling, round the Empire, " Lights Out" when falls our sombre northern night, is Reveille in the flaming dawn of the Far East.

From the Gate I could see into the courtyard of low military storehouses huddled under the protecting earthworks of the inner wall, where are buried thirteen American soldiers of 1775, killed



OLD MILITARY STORE-HOUSE—and general view of the Citadel


"BENEATH THIS TABLET REPOSE
THE REMAINS OF THIRTEEN SOLDIERS OF
GENERAL MONTGOMERY'S ARMY,
WHO WERE KILLED IN THE ASSAULT ON QUEBEC,
DEC. 31ST 1775.
Placed to their Memory by several
American Children."

(The above tablet was placed by the daughters of the late G. M. Fairchild, from subscriptions of American children)

at the barricade in the Lower Town with their leader, General Montmogomery. While they await their great call, under the old Gate march khaki clad soldiers of to-day, making the stones give out the same hollow clatter and clang as generations and generations who have passed before them.

The walls follow the natural slope of the ground until the one time Artillery Park is reached, now a quaint bit of old world garden, whose lower boundary is the loop-holed wall built up flush with the rugged grey cliff. Across narrow Palace street, ramparts and bastions continue until broken at the steep descent of Mountain Hill. Of far greater interest and historical association these Lower Ramparts than those once protecting the city's approach from the Plains of Abraham side, yet all command the same wonderful panorama.

From a bastion I looked down on the roofs of old houses close to the overhanging rock, and on leaden river, whose ice bound shore rolled back and upward for

miles to the long undulating line of Laurentian hills. When just as the sun was setting the clouds parted for a brief wintry glare, far distant objects were touched with high light, a church spire on the Island of Orleans, the snow frosted trees on a mountain side were golden for a moment, then a village was brought out clearly from its white background and faded again, until no color remained but the dull red reflections from the window panes of the old cottages along the Beauport road to Montmorency Falls.

Twilight fell as quickly making the landscape now a study in black and white, of snow and dark masses of evergreen trees where the ancient parishes of Lorette and Charlesbourg lay at the foot of the mountains; then all became grey once more as if the great Artist had blurred over the canvas. A wind arose swirling the snow from off the steep pitched roofs, and moaning around old street corners, a forewarning of the coming storm.

Far out in lower Quebec the bell of St.

Sauveur commenced to ring, its deep toned voice of one beautiful note seeming to hold one's every sense, as if a famous 'cellist in dreamy mood was drawing his bow over one soulful string, now appealingly, now passionately, until the very air throbbed—and when the bell ceased ringing, the silence was intense.

As I leaned against a grim snow capped gun, and peered over the edge of the cliff, strange shuffling noises came up from the narrow streets below, as of running feet in the soft snow. Were they unearthly feet of attacking foes of old? Arnold and his soldiers returning to the scene of their vain attempt to capture Quebec, as on that stormy night so long ago? On the banks of the little St. Charles river I could see the General Hospital Convent from whose windows lights guided the wounded American General to their ever open door of pity—even for an enemy.

To pierce the dusk and see again all these walls have seen is not within the power of human eyes, but we can well

imagine the scenes and the people who thronged this historic ground from the hour the Indians saw the arrival of the first ship from old France, to the leaving in October, 1915, of the last troopship with Canadian soldiers who are gone to France's aid.

Up and down Palace Hill, then the nearest outlet to the surrounding country, have passed an endless procession of those who figured in Quebec of old. What trappings of state as Intendants, from their palace on the strand of the St. Lawrence under the protecting guns of the walls above, went to and fro to confer or quarrel with the Governors, until the last Intendant, the hated Bigot, and his corrupt panderers, contributed to the loss of the Colony to the English. As well as historic personages, we know of those who gaily passed under Palace Gate on pleasure bent. The Duke of Kent in smart equipage off to Montmorency Falls, parties of officers and Quebec belles driving to country picnics, the famous Tandem Club dashing recklessly

down the hill, led by some dare-devil colonel, Seigneurs coming in from the Manor House of Beauport, or homespun clad peasants bringing in their produce.

If all those brave French missionary priests, still braver nuns, soldiers, and colonists, could come again to watch from these Ramparts the disappearing sails of the last ship of the season, leaving them alone on this vast continent in the cruel grip of ice and snow, I should fancy the very wind that blew by me was one long murmuring sigh from them, plaintive as a song of Normandie, "Ah la France! la belle France!" Back and forth must have paced innumerable sentries, they too must have kept weary watch, but for sails of Springtime and hope for besieged Quebec.

By Mountain Hill, so steep and narrow, have arrived and departed many Royalties to the salute of guns, Governor-Generals and their suites, and the great and distinguished of all nations, who have viewed Quebec; while many a light-hearted subaltern or midshipman, as

Horatio Nelson, has marched down the Hill to sail away to fame and glory in other parts of the Empire. Assembled once again all ships that have swayed with the tides in the shadow of Quebec, what a water pageantry there would be!

I was startled from my dreaming by sound of pounding hoofs in the distance,— nearer — past ! " Galloper what news ? Who comes to our gates ? " No answer was flung back, but borne by fitful gusts came the rallying sound of drumming, and music of fifes, thin and weird. The tinkling of the chapel bell of the Hotel Dieu Convent nearby, reminded me of the hour, and hastening on by the winding Rampart street, past " Candiac," where Montcalm made his Canadian home, I knocked at a century old door, it was opened, a broad band of light streamed out, then the door closed behind me on the night.

The Going to War of Jean-Baptiste Lachance.

"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre
Ne sait quand reviendra.....

La Trinité se passe
Malbrouck ne revient pas."
Old Song.

THE small village of St. Polaire was ten miles from the station, and only twice a week the news of the world was brought in a very flat mail bag. The few letters and a couple of newspapers were quickly distributed, but before the arrival of Napoléon Martel's old buckboard, the post-office was a grand place to discuss the doings of the parish.

Strangers rarely ventured on such a voyage of uncertainty at night, so when another figure with shining brass buttons

was seen following Napoléon into the light, there was consternation among the group about the door, for some years ago the brass buttons and blue uniforms of two Provincial Police, had greatly disturbed the parish in their search for a man of no kith or kin of any St. Polairite.

Pierre Blanchet, the postmaster, voiced the relief of all when he exclaimed:

"Cré-yée! it is only Jean-Baptiste Lachance!"

They had seen the bright red tunics at St. Joseph Camp, that gained the rural battalions the name of "Potato Bugs," but the khaki serge and putties of the soldier of today were new to St. Polaire, and Jean-Baptiste, as he greeted the men, felt there was something antagonistic in their curiosity, so slinging his kit-bag over his shoulder he started off for his father's cottage.

Madame Lachance was greatly alarmed at her son's strange appearance, for Jean had not written home, writing did not come easily to him, besides his Captain had told him when he enlisted in Mont-

real, that he could go home to say good-bye. After a bite of supper, and his pipe lighted, Jean tried to explain to his parents how military the talk and sights of the city had been, of the decision of his employer to turn off all unmarried men who would not enlist, and of the arguments of the recruiting officer of the 22nd Regiment. Not until the name of Jean-Baptiste's Captain was mentioned, a de la Vallière of Lanarette, did Madame Lachance dry her eyes, if a de la Vallière was associated with all Jean-Baptiste had told her, there was some hope that all was right, for it was a grand seignorial family, and her mother and grandmother had served them faithfully at the old *Manoir.* Madame Lachance was from "*en haut,*" near Montreal, and had found it a different world when she came to St. Polaire "*en bas de Québec,*" as Tancrede Lachance's second wife, and stepmother to a large family. Jean-Baptiste was her only child, and if he had been willing to settle down to farm life she would never have consented to allow her stepson to

buy them out, although in their old age it was well to be in a village and near the Church.

Jean-Baptiste went to bed the first night of his return, with a vague feeling of having done something wrong, yet he had been accustomed now for a good many years, to go away from home each winter. He had been in every lumber camp, or log "drives" in the Spring; had "run" the worst rapids, and worked with a railway construction gang, and his departure had been taken quite as a matter of course. He had loved the freedom of the life, until he met Marie Beaupré, who had been away for some years at a convent, and it was for Marie's sake he had tried the stifling city with its miles of hard streets, the noise of the factory, and climbed in misery to his little bedroom, heartsick for the ringing sound of an axe in the woods, and the rough and ready companionship of the men in the shanty at night, when he was never too tired to get out his old violin, marking time to the lilt of the jig, with

LOG " DRIVING " ON JACQUES-CARTIER RIVER

soft beating of moccasined foot, in which the other men joined, until the sound was like pattering rain on shingled roof.

How Marie, on the morrow, would take the news of his enlistment, Jean-Baptiste could only speculate, and while speculating fell asleep.

Marie Beaupré's father was the marchand of the village, but Madame Beaupré well knew the precariousness of trade, and determined that her Marie should be safely settled early in life. It had seemed like Providence when her richest customer lost his wife, and Madame Beaupré's sympathy was so great, and took such a practical form, that Jacques Mercier found it most convenient to put his horse in the Beaupré stable during mass time, and on the return of pretty Marie as the finished product of the Ursuline Convent, Jacques decided he could not do better than marry a daughter of so smart a woman, who evinced such a proper sense of his worth.

Marie had at first felt rather important to think she had a *cavalier* come to the

house the very Sunday of her appearance at Mass, with her two long braids of black hair demurely pinned up. On that Sunday afternoon she had played the harmonium with great effect, and Madame Beaupré considered her daughter fairly launched. With friends of her own age, Marie quite forgot her elderly suitor during the week days, although there was small chance of forgetting his three horses, herd of cows, his pigs, and other worldly goods, for they were the continual subject of Madame Beaupré's conversation. Beyond realizing that it was dull to listen to *M'sieu Mercier* and her father talk all afternoon, Marie knew no other feeling, until the young men had returned from log driving on the Jacques Cartier river and handsome Jean-Baptiste Lachance had looked admiringly at her across the intervening pews of the Parish Church.

Jean and Marie had had many opportunities of meeting, for there were veillées at the homes of the men who had been away in the bush all winter, and the mar-

riage of one of them, at which Jean-Baptiste acted as master of ceremonies, stealing moments to devote to Marie's society, and whisper that she would make the prettiest bride of any girl there. Sunday afternoons now became unbearable, and Madame Beaupré scolded poor Marie roundly for her great disrespect to M'sieu Mercier; she would take care that Marie did not sit in the window again watching that Jean-Baptiste Lachance and his friends walk up and down. "*Bien-oui*! it was true, Jean-Baptiste was *un bon garçon*, and gave money to his mother, but for her Marie no young man who had to leave home each winter for work,—*Jamais*!" Besides, think of the meals they had given Jacques Mercier, and the hay his great brute of a horse had eaten,—if it did not all come back ten fold when Marie was married,—Madame Beaupré's face grew livid at the bare thought.

Marie had repeated to Jean-Baptiste as much as she thought discreet of her mother's determination to have no son-

in-law who would have to leave a wife alone all winter.

"Wait for me," Jean-Baptiste had answered, "and I will get work in the city, where by and by we can live in more comfort."

Marie had pouted her red lips, and answered that perhaps after all she would be left *une vieille fille.* So Jean had got work in Montreal, and Jacques Mercier felt so confident of his acceptance, that he was in no hurry to change his habit of driving into the village every Sunday.

II

War was declared, and St. Polaire heard of it with unruffled calm; if other people were so foolish as to fight, it was no concern of their's, besides *Monsieur le Curé* held the same views, but St. Polaire's were those of indifference, while his more of conviction.

The Curé had not been long in the parish, and his ideas were so different from those of the good easy going old

Curé, that Achille Dubois, the Mayor, who paid a weekly visit to the *presbytère*, always left feeling he had been greatly instructed if he could only quite understand what it had all been about! Now a comfortable argument as to the merits of some Liberal or Conservative politician, but Nationalists?—Achille knew nothing of them, and he, Achille Dubois, had once been invited to sit on the platform at a grand political meeting in Lorette!

The career of the Nationalist member for Valcourt was followed with the greatest admiration by the young priest in his lonely "back parish," for the two men had been classmates at the *Séminaire*. M. le Curé only took "Le Nationaliste," and when the Mayor had reported all Municipal affairs, would seize up the latest paper, and giving it a slap, say: "Listen to this! doesn't Vernet bait those old members, and make them roar." The Curé then proceeded to read columns as to the question of French Canadians participating in any war of England's,

instead of keeping their money and men for the preservation of their own race, language and creed, and helping propagate it in Ontario.

Achille Dubois agreed most respectfully at intervals, which was about as tame as agreeing with an Irishman that there should be Home Rule. How much the Nationalists believed in their own utterances, or how much was merely the talk of young hot-heads anxious for notoriety and political leadership of a new party, *M. le Curé* did not stop to sift, in his personal interest in Odilon Vernet, M. P. P.

The day after Jean-Baptiste's return, the Curé met him and expressed in no mild terms, his astonishment that Jean-Baptiste had nothing better to do than get himself up in such garments, in which to loaf about, and set sail for countries that had no need of him. The little recruit stood at attention the while, three weeks discipline was already sinking into his very soul, not that he would at any time have argued with his priest, and

when M. le Curé stopped, Jean-Baptiste said "*Oui, M'sieu,*" saluted and wheeled about, leaving the Curé gasping as to whether he had been treated with respect or impertinence.

At the house of a cousin, Marie managed to see Jean-Baptiste, and like his mother, had cried at first, but being young, soon forgot her fears at her Jean's pleading for just one more fling at life before settling down, in admiration of the trim uniform, and delight in the locket containing his photograph that she was to wear as his fiancée. There were still five days of happiness, and after all, France seemed hardly further from St. Polaire than did Montreal.

Madame Beaupré counted the days too on hearing of Jean-Baptiste's return, then decided they were not worth making a scene about. She would try to excuse Marie's absence on Sunday afternoon to Jacques Mercier, and afterwards all would go her way once more.

Neighbours dropped in to condole with Jean-Baptiste's mother, but the name of

de la Vallière had carried Madame Lachance back to the days of her youth, and stories of her mother about the glories of the *Manoir*, when the father of *La Reine Victoria* used to visit there. Jean-Baptiste's own great grandfather had been in several fights, for she well remembered seeing a gun used "on the Papineau War," and years before that the Seigneur had called out all his *censitaires* to help fight "les *Bostonais*."

Madame Lachance's visitors left her to go straight to the Widow Allard, whose black eyes snapped with joy at their tale. It was a well known fact she would have taken Tancrede Lachance herself, and for twenty-five years she had waited to find some flaw in her rival's armour, and now she felt she knew it.

"What could a man expect," she asked Madame Giroux, "if he married a stranger?" In fact, she had always been certain there was a wild bad strain in Madame Lachance's family; the idea of boasting of fighting and killing,—disgraceful, she called it. Such airs too

about coming from *en haut*, and talking of the de la Vallières, as if they were her own people." If it had been a grand legal fight, such as the late M'sieu Allard had had with the railway, with the best *avocats* engaged on both sides, well, then there would have been something to talk about."

The gossip of the women folk was nothing compared to the food for conversation Jean-Baptiste's statements gave to the men gathered as usual for the arrival of the Saturday night's post bag.

Mercedes Côté scoffed at the ridiculous fear of the Germans sailing up the St. Lawrence. Why! his uncle Delisle had been a pilot for thirty years, and brought up the biggest ships from Father Point, so how could the Germans manage without him, or some of the other pilots he had taught? They would soon run aground, and the people of the South shore wax fat on the wrecks!

"Guns that can carry ten miles and drop a shell on an unseen target?" Achille Dubois looked defiantly at the

Post-Office habitués. "Joseph Robitaille was the biggest romancer in the parish, but that Jean-Baptiste could certainly put a long shot over Joseph." Positively, it was an insult to their intelligence."

Old Beaudette, who had been a guardian at a Game club, slyly remarked that if a bullet sent from a mile away could turn a corner and find its quarry, he wouldn't have seen so many fine gentlemen miss their caribou!"

Nazaire Turcotte, the secretary-treasurer of the parish council, had been to Labrador on a trading schooner, and gave it as his opinion that if all countries "*la bas*" were like that, he did not wonder they spoke of "desolate Belgium," and he couldn't imagine anyone fighting for such desolate countries; for his part, he would not take any of them for a gift, nor want to pay a notary for the deeds. Nazaire was nothing if not legal, had the Municipal code at his fingers' ends, and knew all the diplomatic strings, for according to him, all that was necessary was for him to write the county member

on any matter, and it would immediately be put before Sir Robert Borden, who spoke familiarly with Kings and Parliaments.

The sorting of the mail changed the discussion of warring nations into speculation as to whether there was anything in the letter to *M. le Curé* from the Cardinal's Palace, that they were likely to hear of.

The *bedeau* left the letters and papers at the *Presbytère*, and the Curé anticipated his usual evening's enjoyment. He read his Bishop's letter—he couldn't believe his eyes—he read again the sentiments of loyalty to Great Britain, and appreciation of religious liberty that had always been enjoyed in French Canada under British rule, as compared to the dreadful treatment of Belgium by Germany, that might be the fate of Canada if every response was not made to the Empire's call. Therefore, the Curés of the Diocese of Quebec were to do all in their power to assist recruiting, and receive an officer whose special duty it

would be to go from parish to parish for the purpose of holding meetings." ①

The Curé's world of Nationalist thought seemed turning topsy-turvy. Then an unreasoning anger shook him. So! his friend had led him astray in believing himself an ardent patriot, and that nothing outside the Province of Quebec counted a jot. He would write that very night to the Editor of the "Nationaliste," and tell him never to dare address another paper to the *Presbytère* of St. Polaire.

To think that he, Desiré Bruneau, prêtre-Curé, should be made ridiculous in the eyes of his parishioners, and that tomorrow he must obey his Bishop's orders as implicity as that little soldier Lachance, he had so despised, was obliged to obey any officer. A newspaper stamped "With the compliments of the Hon. C. F. Contant," did not tend to make the Curé any more comfortable, for it contained a speech of the honorable

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① Pastoral letter issued from the Cardinal's Palace, Quebec, as published in the Quebec Telegraph December 1915.

Member, in which he utterly repudiated the utterances of the Nationalist Member for Valcourt, as representing the sentiments of any right thinking French-Canadian.

Sunday morning, when everyone had settled back in their seats for the sermon, the Priest read the circular letter about recruiting meetings. He would have felt the sensation it created, even if he had not heard the subdued rustle and scuffling of feet, as people turned to exchange glances. The Mayor just prevented himself from giving a low whistle of astonishment. Then all eyes turned to the soldier sitting between his parents. Madame Lachance fairly trembled with pride, to think that her Jean-Baptiste had done of his own free will what *Monsignor* urged other young men to do. As for Marie Beaupré, she kept her eyes lowered on her prayer beads, but she knew her burning cheeks were being noticed by everyone.

Achille Dubois dropped in at the Presbytère on Monday night, and after the

usual parish talk, there was a long pause, both men smoking hard; not a newspaper was to be seen, and finally *M. le Curé* suggested a game of checkers. The Mayor was delighted to play, and they thought out every move, as if two opposing Generals. The Curé's guest left that night feeling as if the *Presbytère* had come into its own again.

Jean-Baptiste's last Sunday in St. Polaire was a glorious Canadian Autumn day of deep blue skies and vivid colouring. Marie was free to go out with him, and even the shadow of the good-bye to be said that night could not cloud her happiness, as she walked arm in arm through the village with her Jean-Baptiste wearing the uniform the Church had sanctioned. Unfortunately for Madame Beaupré's carefully planned story, they met Jacques Mercier just before he came to the turn for the Beaupré house. His dull face reddened. To be flouted like that before all St. Polaire? Never! He gave his horse a cut, and started towards St. Michel, the next parish. He would show Marie

Beaupré her pretty face was not worth as much as that of a *habitant's* daughter like Juliette Paquet, who would have a bit of money some day, to make a sensible man forget she was pock-marked.

Little cared Jean-Baptiste and Marie for Jacques Mercier's thoughts, as they strolled on out of the village to the gold and red leaf strewn walk along the river, then home to a farewell gathering of Jean-Baptiste's relations. The men gave him much advice for all circumstances, smacking of long knowledge of hunting and woodcraft. "Always take care that the wind is in the right direction," warned old *bonhomme* Moisan, as if the Germans snuffed the air like moose.

"Beware of a hurt animal in a trap," added Alphonse Boucher,—and this was before the day of gas and treachery.

Jean took Marie home; her father was waiting up, and shuffled about uneasily and moved the light, but did not go to the door. He could hear the voices, and knew Marie was crying, then a long silence, and Jean ran down the steps of the *gallerie.*

"*Viens donc, viens donc, ma fille,*" you will catch cold," said good old Narcisse, opening the door, and peering out into the darkness.

Madame Beaupré, who had been hovering anxiously at the head of the stairs, until she knew Marie was in, went back to bed and pretended to be asleep.

In the frosty dawn Tancrede Lachance drove his son to the station. "Make our family's salutation to your Captain de la Vallière."

The train pulled out, and Jean Baptiste's father started back to St. Polaire. *Mon Dieu*! *Mon Dieu*! how lonely the road seemed.

III

The 22nd Regiment arrived safely in England, greatly to the wonderment of Jean-Baptiste, after a voyage over a trackless waste of water, with no "blazed" trail to guide them, nor river leading to lake, and lake emptying into river again.

His letters were very quaint, his *santé* was good, as he hoped was the *santé* of

all at home; everyone seemed glad to see the Canadians, and the country was lovely, but not so fine to him as *la Province de Québec.* But it was when he reached France that Jean-Baptiste felt almost at home, and a strange combination he made, wearing the uniform of a British Tommy, yet speaking the tongue of the France his ancestors had left so many centuries ago.

The 22nd had not long to wait before its baptism of fire, and high praise was received from those watching to learn if the spirit of old was still alive in the sons of French Canada,—descendents of sturdy colonists, of soldiers who had served in famous regiments, and of *voyageurs,* and *coureurs des bois,* who, with Indian companions, had ventured into the interior of the unmapped New World. Among the officers there was even greater tradition to be lived up to by bearers of old names, and a descendent of Madeleine de Verchères, a heroine of New France, was not likely to be less brave than the

young girl who had held a fort against the marauding Iroquois.

The Regiment took its regular turns of duty in the trenches, and back again to the billets to rest. Jean-Baptiste was cheerful under all circumstances. If it was cold, and there was water in the trenches, *bien*! he had often been in icy water on log "drives" and stayed wet until he got dry, without any officers to fuss over their men's comfort. The food was a great deal better than the monotonous winter fare of pork and beans in a lumber camp, and what he had to carry was child's play compared to some "packs" he had taken into the bush.

The wonderful sights, the great stir and traffic on the roads, fired Jean-Baptiste's blood; he would not have missed a moment of it all, yet wherever he and his fellow Franch-Canadians were, by talk, stories, and songs, they seemed to create a little Canada for the time being. Jean-Baptiste was always a leader—sometimes sitting on the edge of a table he would seize a rifle, and pretending it was a

paddle, start a canoe song, the others shouting a chorus that nearly raised the roof.

To get a group of little French soldiers about him was Jean-Baptiste's great delight, for he could then enlarge on the glories of Canadian life. He acted out everything as he told it; in imagination he built a camp, went through the terrors of a blazing bush fire; he "ran" rapids as if with a swift strong stroke he was really guiding the canoe now this way, now that, to keep from being dashed to pieces against a rock. Blood curdling stories of *loup-garous*, and of the spirits of shanty-men, who had sold themselves to the *diable*, and went flying through the air at night in big canoes, lost nothing in the telling by Jean-Baptiste. He imitated the weird cry of a loon, on some lake in the wilderness, and then rolling up a big sheet of paper into a megaphone, he "called up" a moose, describing the big beast so graphically that the Frenchmen who cared nothing for the scream of a German shell, started nervously as if a

great unknown animal with huge antlers and snorting nostrils, was likely to plunge into the room. For *la France*, or *la gloire*, they would face death, but to be alone in a Canadian woods, *ciel*! what a dreadful fate!

IV

During the long winter in St. Polaire, Marie had lived for the coming of Jean-Baptiste's letters and cards. She had grown very quiet, always "just commencing" or "just finishing" a sock for Jean-Baptiste, when her young friends tried to coax her to go out with them. Jacques Mercier had lost his home and buildings by fire, and to the astonishment of the parish had taken to drinking. Madame Beaupré felt that perhaps *le bon Dieu* had known what was best for Marie.

Jean-Baptiste's last letter home contained a message for *M. le Curé*, that there were many, many churches in France, nearly all larger than the Basilique of Quebec, the people seemed

very pious, and he himself had been to Mass that morning.

Then came a period of hard fighting, but Jean appeared to bear a charmed life. One day after the 22nd had been tunnelling to blow up the German trenches, a deserter had come in with the news that the Germans were doing the same thing to the Canadians' trenches, so that it was only a question of who would finish first. The strain of the next few hours was terrific, until all was ready to fire the "joy powder" as the English Tommies called it.

Another tense waiting followed—and nothing happened. Then word was passed along that Captain de la Vallière was going to find out the cause of the failure. The news reached Jean-Baptiste, who started to overtake his officer. What could a de la Vallière know of firing charges, a *monsieur* of his bringing up, whereas, he, Jean-Baptiste, had often done the thing when working on the new Transcontinental, and hadn't he seen that great Swede, Olaf Jansen, sit smok-

ing on a keg of dynamite he had been carrying, and yet live to do it again. Once more the name of "la Chance" would be his own mascot.

Captain de la Vallière's face was set and white; he would ask no man to do what he would not do himself, and it must be his fault if the calculations had not been right.

"Let me go, *mon Capitaine,*" urged Jean-Baptiste. The thin veneer of military discipline fell away from him, they were no longer officer and private, but two Canadians, Charles de la Vallière of the *ancienne noblesse,* and Jean-Baptiste Lachance of a family of servitors. Pushing his Captain roughly aside, Jean-Baptiste went on. As he reached the mine there was a fearful roar!. . .

V

Poor little Jean-Baptiste!

Captain de la Vallière wrote Madame Lachance of her son's brave death, and begged her to believe that at any time

there would be a room for her in the Manor House, if in her old age she were left alone. Madame Lachance grieved deeply, but quietly, as was her nature. Tancrede was so old, and had seen so many go, that to him a death did not seem such a hard thing to bear, and he was proud of Jean-Baptiste's photograph in all the newspapers.

After the first shock, Marie made up her mind what she would do; she would become a nun, and before a convent altar pray each day for the repose of the soul of JEAN-BAPTISTE LACHANCE.

GENERAL ARNOLD.

Benedict Arnold

IN this year of war's "excursions and alarums," and especially as New Year's Eve draws near, the anniversary of Quebec's gallant repulse of the Americans, it may be of some interest to view their leader, General Arnold, in the light of modern biography, in which much of the old-time scorn and bitterness has died out, and many extenuating circumstances brought forward in explanation — while never condoning the act itself—of Arnold's attempted betrayal of West Point.

How often one hears Benedict Arnold called a "horse-trader," and as such knowing his way to Quebec, as if to infer the man was of low extraction and intelligence, instead of being a man of good

colonial stock, fearless courage and a born leader.

The Arnolds first settled in Rhode Island, where the Benedict Arnold of that date was the governor of the colony, his grandson removing to Norwich, Connecticut. Here was born in January, 1740, the Benedict Arnold of this sketch, the eldest son always receiving the name of Benedict. Young Arnold's mother also came of Connecticut's good stock, the men of her family receiving the best education Yale College could then give. But times were hard, and people simple, working at whatever came to hand, without any of the pride and traditions of the Old World to maintain, the social rating of members of the community being centred in the plain old white meeting-houses, where pewholdings were carefully allotted, the Arnold pew still to be seen on the old plans.

Young Benedict was a high spirited boy and often startled the quiet folk of Norwich by his pranks, until he was apprenticed to his kinsmen, the Doctors

Lathrop, to serve them as apothecary's boy, whence came his knowledge of drugs. Finding such a life far from satisfying his adventure-loving nature, Arnold took to the sea, for half the male population of Connecticut were both traders and sea captains, and from this time until nearly the end of his American career New Haven became his home and port of trade with the West Indies.

The energetic and masterful young man soon rose to be the captain of his own ship and then the owner of several, becoming a well known and flourishing citizen of quaint New Haven with its famous Green, old " South " Church, and square outlined with white colonial houses, a few standing to this day, as does one old building of Yale now enclosed about by modern dormitories. The chronicles of the town contain many references to the bold young captain, a mutiny of his crew was quelled by him in a very summary manner, on the return from another voyage he brought and presented to a young lady a red silk

parasol. Great was the horror and indignation among the Puritan congregation at such a devil's plaything being brought into the "meeting-house;" the parasol was made the subject of a fiery sermon, and never again were the staid folk of New Haven offended by the sight of the glowing silk.

Arnold was now to become a Benedict in fact as well as name, for we find him in February, 1767, marrying Margaret Mansfield, a daughter of the high sheriff of the county, and the young couple started their married life in a large frame house which stood until recent years, a hearthstone and carved mantel being carefully preserved in the New Haven Colony Museum, as well as Arnold's signboard, ledgers, mortar and pestle, and medicine cabinet. On what was the bank of a creek where trading schooners could run up, the remains of Arnold's warehouse is still shown to tourists, although now reached through rows of tall city buildings.

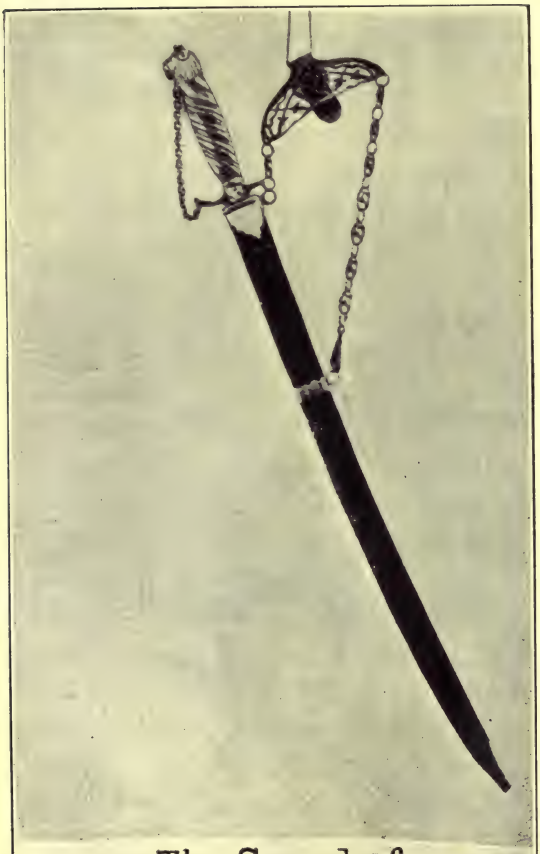
Beyond the notices of the births of the

Arnolds' three sons, we are shown little or nothing of the domestic or public life of Arnold until the flame of revolution broke out, when we find the young captain leaving his trading ships to march at the head of his "training-band" to aid the Boston colonists after some wordy warfare with his seniors in New Haven as to the arming of the men with weapons which ought to be kept for home defence. On joining Washington's troops Arnold's plan for invading Canada was unfolded, but his first active service was on Lake Champlain at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, with Ethen Allan and the "Green Mountains Boys." Jealous of the young officer's success, the first of the bickerings and demands for the accounting of stores was put in against Arnold, who in disgust at Connecticut's treatment of him, went straight to General Washington who accepted his word and started forward the organization for the march on Quebec.

Of the hardships, cold, hunger, sickness, endured by the sturdy band as they dragged their boats and canoes

after them from lakes to rivers, we Canadians are all familiar. And what Quebecer does not read with pride of the defence of the old city, while able to admire the courage of the attacking foe and understand what they must have undergone in that bitter winter campaign. In the attack in which Montgomery was killed, Arnold was wounded and had to drag himself along the ground to the General Hospital Convent on the banks of the St. Charles River, where the good nuns had not been molested. Here Arnold recovered, but in the meantime the old officer he had so deeply offended in New Haven, had arrived to take command. A great personal loss had also fallen on him in the death of the young wife he had left at his country's call, and Hannah Arnold, his devoted sister, took charge of the children and did what she could to keep her brother's local business together.

On the Americans retiring from Quebec to Montreal, a commission of three men, Benjamin Franklin, Carroll of Caroll-



The Sword of
Genl. Richard Montgomery,
Killed at Quebec
Dec. 31 1775.

Presented to Miss Lumbild
of Ramscliffe.

This sword fully described at
p. 36 of my Memoir "The Sword of
R. Montgomery" after being in the
possession of James Thompson, overseer
of Public Works, at Quebec from 1775
to 1830 - was bequeathed to his son
Deputy Comptroller James Thompson.
At his death it reverted to James
Thompson Montgomery his nephew -
who put a high price on it £1000.
Colonel H. S. Saunders made offers for it
It was purchased by the Governor
General of Canada, the Marquis of
Lorne in 1882, & presented by him
to a member of the Livingstone family
of New York

The photo was taken by an amateur
artist - Fred. Wurtele, Librarian of
the Lit & Hist. Society, where
the sword was on view for many
years previous to its sale.

J. M. Le Moine
Spencer Grange
16th Jan 1896 P. R. S. C

town, and Samuel Chase, were sent to the latter city to investigate the causes of the failure of the expedition, and they fully exonerated General Arnold in their report to Congress. The brave little band had utterly lacked everything that in these days a well equipped Army Service Corps would have brought along.

It was on Lake Champlain that Arnold fought his next battle, for he was equally fitted to command on land or water. The country was full of his praises, while the first serious attempt to break the bold young militia officer was started by those who, in virtue of their seniority and former service as British regulars, were furiously jealous of him. In spite of Washington's urgent recommendation, interest was brought to bear on Congress to pass him over in the appointment of five new major-generals.

Arnold was justly hurt, but his correspondence on the subject with his commander-in-chief was dignified and patriotic in feeling, and he seized a brief respite from active service to visit his

motherless children and attend to his own long neglected affairs.

But times were too anxious for a man like Arnold to rest very long, and some British landing near New Haven, he was the first to mount his horse and round up the inhabitants to repel the invaders, which they did with spirit, for although only farmers they were fighting for the safety of their own nearby homes. Arnold had two horses shot under him but escaped unhurt.

Congress was now forced to show its appreciation of his services by advancing him to the long delayed rank of major-general, but in spite of this Arnold insisted on a full inquiry into the charges against him of extravagance in Canada, Arnold claiming that not only government money had to be expended, but his own private fortune as well, in order to secure food and clothing for the soldiers he could not see suffer. Generous and warmhearted to a fault we find him supporting two orphaned children of a brother officer.

While all this was taking place, Washington was petitioning Congress to lend him the services of General Arnold, for General Burgoyne had entered New York State from Canada. General Gates was nominally in command of the army in the north, but the officers and men looked to Arnold to lead them, and the two battles of Saratoga justified their faith in him, for his bravery was the wonder of all as he charged up and down the lines on a great, black horse until it was shot beneath him and Arnold brought down with a wound in the leg, as at Quebec.

Congress acknowledged his services, and his journey home, when able to travel, was one long ovation, New Haven welcoming her citizen with a public display and salute of guns, while General Washington's personal letter of congratulation was couched in the highest terms and was accompanied by a gift of epaulettes and sword knots. If Arnold's fame could have but rested here!

It was General Washington's very determination to show every confidence in

an officer who had performed so many gallant feats, that led to the great tragedy of Arnold's life, for his appointment as military governor of Philadelphia was a position he was totally unfitted for. The Philadelphians had been British in their sympathies, and until recently English troops had held the city, which for colonial days was one of much wealth and devoted to the maintenance of Old World pomp and ceremony. Coming from the more Spartan New England States and from rough campaigning, it was a great change to be suddenly placed over such a town, and Arnold with his usual extravagance was not the man to allow his position and powers to be thought meanly of. He immediately set up his official household on a scale of magnificence quite out of keeping with simple Republican ideals, and before three months had passed we find him paying court to the daughter of one of the most prominent Tory families, Miss Peggy Shippen, who had been the toast and admiration of all the British officers, among them

Major André, later to become so tragically connected with the Arnolds.

Once before we were given a glimpse of another love affair with a Boston belle, " the heavenly Miss De Blois," as Arnold wrote of her, but the heavenly vision must have proved fleeting, although we know a present of brocade for dresses was sent her, a gift that seems odd to us, but in those days when everything had to be imported, it was no doubt greatly appreciated.

Certainly in this present courtship, Benedict Arnold displayed great ardour, and no one reading his letters could call him a rough soldier of fortune. He first asked the young lady's father " to sanction his addresses," and then proposed marriage to her in pages of old-time formally ornate sentiments, sometimes calling her " dear madame " and then lapsing into " dear Peggy," ending with "dear madame" once more. The Shippen family seem to have favoured the match, although Arnold was twenty years older

than the lovely Peggy, and the marriage took place in April, 1779.

What a different picture we see of this second home, no white gabled house on the shore of Long Island Sound, but the grandest stone mansion the city could supply, with a summer place known as "Mount Pleasant" to which they rode out in a coach and four with liveried men. Gay dinners were given to the bride's Tory friends, and entertainments of the most lavish description.

Young and pleasure-loving as she was, Peggy Arnold could not have been without heart, and as little in common as there must have been with the New England sister-in-law, yet the two women seem to have been on cordial terms, and the children's claims on their father were properly acknowledged.

The murmurings that Arnold was being influenced by his wife's friends, and favouring the Tories in whatever came under his control as governor of the city, grew so loud that some notice had to be taken of them, and as usual Arnold

expressed himself perfectly willing to have an investigation. The councillors of Pennsylvania were the accusers, and Arnold appeared before them to defend himself. The court-martial took place at Morristown on December 19th, 1779, and was a most dramatic one—but the finding seems to have been a compromise, neither condemning nor clearing Arnold, in a desire to keep in with the powerful Pennsylvania politicians. Charges that Arnold had made purchases for his own benefit were proven unfounded, also his use of public conveyances. His closing of some shops was justified, and his action about a Connecticut sloop was merely an advance of money. At the same time the Court felt that General Arnold had been imprudent in his relations with people known to be still loyal in heart to the mother country, and General Washington was ordered to caution his military governor.

It was a hard duty to perform, and Washington's letter was really an appeal to his gallant subordinate to show him-

self worthy of the trust he, Washington, had always reposed in him. In spite of the delicate wording of the reprimand, it must have been galling to a man of Arnold's nature. He resigned his governorship, and Washington gave him the command of West Point, a port more fitted for his soldierly qualities.

"*Cherchez la femme*" now becomes the whole train of reasoning for Arnold's trafficing with the British who held New York City, many of whom were old friends of the lovely Peggy Shippen, of Philadelphia days. Although there seems to be no proof of the young wife's complicity, and Arnold swore she was as "innocent as an angel," it does not seem unjust or unreasonable to think that she could have felt but little antagonism to the so-called enemies of her country, men of her own English race, until a few years before united by every tie—personal ties, that count so much more with women, than the impersonal causes which plunged the young colony into revolt. Arnold had had it well brought home to him

that his many sacrifices and courageous acts counted as nothing as compared to petty accusations of men who considered themselves his social superiors. No doubt this was all enlarged upon by the British in the inducements held out to Arnold to return to his old allegiance, where he would be properly rewarded personally, besides the hope that in so doing he would bring the British arms to a successful peace, and be acclaimed the saviour of the colonies to the Crown, instead of a traitor.

West Point occupies about the same strategic position on the Hudson as Quebec on the St. Lawrence, and is not unlike it in its scenic surroundings. On the fatal day of the termination of the negotiations, a British sloop of war, the *Vulture*, brought André, now holding the rank of adjutant-general, up to within a few miles of the fort where at a lonely spot Arnold met him, but the conference not ending before daybreak, and the sloop being noticed and fired on, it dropped down the river, leaving André

to rejoin her as best he could. With the incriminating papers hidden on him, and a pass signed by a general still in the American army, poor André mounted a horse and rode to his cruel death, for he was held up by three patriots, searched, and classed as a spy.

Washington was, meanwhile, unexpectedly approaching West Point from the opposite side of the river, a messenger sent on from him and one from André arrived at the same time. There was not a moment to be lost, leaving his wife in a state of collapse Arnold dashed down to the water's edge where he kept a barge, and was rowed to the *Vulture*. Washington, arriving at headquarters, was thunderstruck at the terrible news, but treated Mrs. Arnold with the greatest consideration, for her plight was pitiful no matter what part she had acted, and she was sent with an escort to her father's home. The Council of Pennsylvania, however, refused to allow her to remain in Philadelphia and she was ordered to leave in November of the same year, 1780.

Meanwhile, Arnold was safe within the British lines in New York, his late companions in arms execrating him with every breath. In a long proclamation he gave his reasons for abandoning the cause of liberty, and urged his late fellowcountrymen to become reconciled to England.

The press of the day was filled with bitterest abuse and Arnold was burnt in effigy, while, to appease the public who clamoured for his blood, André was sacrificed instead, and was hanged, though he implored to suffer a soldier's death by being shot. With the British forces Arnold took part in several engagements, one of them near the place of his birth, Norwich. The defeat of Cornwallis practically ended the War of Independence and Arnold sailed to England with his wife and their two youngest children, leaving his sister in America with the three older boys, but she, finding it too great a strain to live among those who hated the name of Arnold, soon left for Upper Canada with her charges. In

England the Arnolds were well received, were frequently at court, were voted money equivalent to the property sacrificed in America, and Mrs. Arnold and her children provided for by pensions. But Arnold was a most restless and unhappy man, and soon sought occupation in renewing his trading connection with the West Indies, aided by government contracts. For four years he even brought his family out to St. John, New Brunswick, from 1787 to 1791, returning again to London. A few years later the King granted him 13,400 acres in Canada, where the good sister and sons were finding a kind refuge and whose country it has remained, in their direct descendants, to the present day.

In spite of all that was done to make their life in England a success, nothing seemed to flourish with Arnold, and at sixty years of age we find him a broken-hearted, worn out man, dying in London on June 14th, 1801.

After Arnold's death we gain an intimate knowledge of a Peggy very different

from the gay, thoughtless, ambitious, young matron in America. Her letters to her own family in Philadelphia are most pathetic, those to her stepsons even more so, urging them to remember only the best of their father, sending them his American uniforms and otherwise scrupulously sharing the little there was left, as her own children were a great care on her slender resources, and it required all the good offices of the many friends she had among the nobility to place her sons in military schools. Accustomed as she had always been to comfort, we find her obliged to renounce nearly everything. Her father helped her and she came out once to see him, but was treated coldly by all her former friends. She returned to England, where she died at the early age of forty-four, without the consolation of knowing her sons were all to hold honourable rank in the British Army. The only daughter married an officer, and a grandson, the Rev. Gladwyn Arnold, married, a daughter of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, little or no stigma

seemingly being attached to the name of Arnold, such as was fostered in the United States. At the time of the World's Fair, the Canadian Arnolds were approached to allow the exhibition of Benedict Arnold's uniform but they very rightly refused to do so.

VIEW OF CAP ROUGE FROM CLIFFS

Historic Cap Rouge

THE St. Louis Road, leading out from the city of Quebec along the high shore of the St. Lawrence, comes to a sudden end at the Cap Rouge, and a long hill street dips down into the village beneath the red cliff.

Across the bridge over the little Cap Rouge river, which after wandering through the narrow valley here meets the tide of the big river, the house-bordered road continues until the opposite height is reached, that of St. Augustin in the next parish. Looking down, one sees church, convent, and clustering cottages. Looking off, one sees the mile-wide St. Lawrence flowing between highwooded shores that must have looked the same to Indian or voyageur

paddling silently by in canoes as it does to-day to passengers on great ocean liners.

No more beautiful or peaceful spot than Cap Rouge can be found in all the Dominion; the stirring events of early history have left no traces, no scars, and no tall shaft of stone or bronze records them, as might well be expected when we realize that we stand on the spot where the first attempt was made to colonize North America, although St. Augustine in Florida claims the oldest *permanent colony.* That the promontory, now the city of Quebec, should have been the choice of Champlain was certainly as great a point of interest for the infant colony as it is to-day for the picturesque old French Canadian city.

Quebec boldly faces all who sail up the great river, and very bleak and high the gray rock must have seemed to those on board the small ships no bigger than our most insignificant modern sailing craft. No doubt to Jacques Cartier the little cove of Cap Rouge looked a more snug spot, at the first break in the high shore

line above Quebec of the western end of what now appears like a dry island, as if in ages gone by there had been water on both sides of the high and narrow land, where to-day there is a big swamp below Ste. Foye; then the uplands again, and the background of all, the Laurentian Mountains.

After Cartier's two voyages of discovery, the King of France with great flourish of titles, proclaimed for the New World a viceroy in Jean François de la Roque, Seigneur de Roberval, Lord of Novembeque, who was also to be his "Lieutenant General of the Armies in Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Labrador, The Great Bay, Baccoloes, and Cap Rouge".

This grand order for a colony was given in 1540, but such trouble was found to get anyone to compose the "Armies of Canada" that the most desperate characters were liberated from prisons to take their chance of life or death on the hazardous expedition. What with the difficulties of procuring men, ships, and

supplies, it grew too late in the season to get up the St. Lawrence. Jacques Cartier was then put in commission as Captain General and Master Pilot to go with Roberval; but the Viceroy still delaying, Cartier started out alone, in 1541, and finally reached Cap Rouge, where he moored his ships and unloaded two that were to be sent back to France.

Knowing every inch of Cap Rouge ground as I do, it is almost like looking at a picture, to read of the comings and goings of Cartier's little band up and down the cliff, on the point of which they built a fort, while below in the valley they cleared enough land to sow a few vegetables. Roberval did not arrive, and the winter must have been terrible, so that at the opening of navigation Jacques Cartier saw nothing to do but return to France. On the outward voyage he met Roberval, who ordered him to go back again. With the winter's experiences all too fresh, Cartier refused to obey, and as the easiest way of ending the argument,

CAP ROUGE AN HISTORIC POINT

slipped away the first dark night, with all sails set for France.

Roberval continued on up the St. Lawrence, to found his colony at Cap Rouge; and, being better equipped than Cartier had been, he started at once to make more comfortable quarters for the winter. Another fort was built, described as "beautiful to look upon and of surpassing strength within, with two *corps de logis*, and *an annex* of forty-five feet in length, containing kitchen, offices, and two tiers of cellars. Nearby he built a bakery, a mill, and dug a well. Close beside his ships Roberval built a two-story house, for the provisions of which he was to know the lack, although a couple of ships were sent at once to France for more and the colonists put on a strict allowance. France Prime was to be the name of the country, and Cap Rouge was to be known as Charlesbourg Royal.

That they had an appalling time among themselves might well be expected from the bad characters chosen to come out,

and one man named Gaillon was hanged for robbery, while others were chained, and a woman whipped as a common scold "so they could live in peace and quietness," as the old chronicler of the colony puts it. Scurvy carried off fifty people. When the spring came Roberval followed Cartier and returned to France. For sixty-five years Canada was forgotten—then Champlain came to Quebec, in 1608.

In the old records we learn that a road was cut out to Cap Rouge as early as 1638, and a few families settled in the sheltered valley, where they took their chance of Indian raids. The life of Cap Rouge from that period was just that of any little parish until the dread of English invasion, 1759, made the cliffs of Cap Rouge a military outpost of great importance; for General Wolfe, repulsed at every attempt to land his troops below Quebec, made a bold move, and passing the city one floodtide, anchored off Cap Rouge.

Several feints were made to test de Bourgainville's strength, and, finding Cap

Rouge too well guarded, knowledge was gained of a path leading up from what has since been known as "Wolfe's Cove" to the Plains of Abraham, outside the old walled city. From the dark shadow of Cap Rouge, Wolfe's troops were rowed away to victory when dawn broke of the glorious 13th of September, 1759.

While Quebec, the key of the situation, was in the hands of the English, the surrounding country was still capable of supporting the French troops, and again, in the following spring, Cap Rouge played an important rôle, when Levis there rallied his army, marched on Quebec, and would undoubtedly have retaken the city but for the timely arrival of English ships. Once more the French retreated across the little valley of Cap Rouge, never to return, and the country grew accustomed to English rule.

When the Americans came under Arnold, to besiege Quebec, they first took Cap Rouge and Ste. Foye, and during the winter foraged all about the neighborhood: even the summer house of Gov-

ernor Cramahé was totally at their mercy, although an old caretaker tried to do her share in defending her master's property by coaxing a party of looters down to the wine cellar, where she would have trapped them, but for the sudden distrust of the Sergeant. The story is told by a young soldier named Henry, who afterwards was a United States judge.

Since the repulse of the Americans in 1776 no enemy has possessed our heights, and the picturesque cliffs, seven miles from the city, became the favourite *rendez-vous* of Quebecers, and wealthy merchants built homes whose beautiful lawns overlook the St. Lawrence. The coves below were the scenes of great lumber shipping until the trade has dwindled down to a raft or two a year, and the riotous gangs of raftsmen no longer make the cliffs ring with their wild songs and shouts. Where Cartier's and Roberval's ships were wintered, a ship-yard launched a brig named the "Cap Rouge" which sailed safely to British Guiana.

BRIDGE—CAP ROUGE

Artists have painted our beautiful views, and authors written of our history or found characters for their books among our simple *habitant* folk, as did Sir Gilbert Parker. Those who are more scientifically inclined can read of the great trestle across the Cap Rouge valley, or of the St. Lawrence Bridge being rebuilt after the first terrible disaster.

The bells of St. Nicholas' church, on the very edge of the opposite shore, come faintly or clearly, solemnly or gaily, across the water, and our own village bells make answer at the same hours of the ringing of the Angelus. The St. Lawrence in all its phases is part of the very life of Cap Rouge: at night it becomes a mysterious thing like some great creeping creature, while in moonlight from the cliffs, with only the murmur of the pine trees, the river looks like a beautiful stage setting, and if from out the darkness a lazy square-sail *bâteau* drifts into the mile-wide band of light, and a snatch of song floats up to us from some lonely *bâteau*-man, we hold our breath as if, with the song's ending, the whole scene would melt away.

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Fairchild, Q
My French Canadian neighbours and other sketches

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